

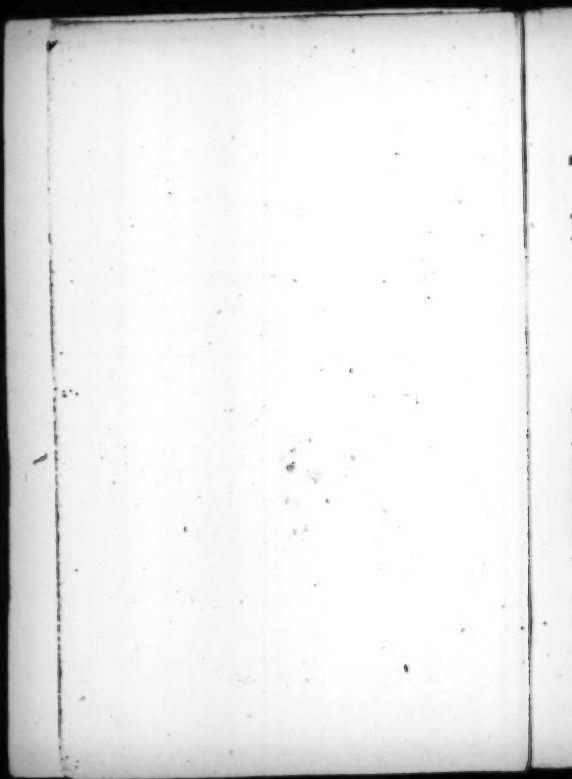


L V C R E C T A



LONDON.
Printed by I.H. for Iohn Harison.

1600.





TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE, HENRIE
Wriothesley, Earle of South-
hampton, and Baron of
Titchfield.



He Ioue I dedicate to
your Lordshippe is
without end, wher-
of this Pamphlet
without beginning is but a su-
perfluous Moitie. The warrant
I haue of your Honourable dis-
position, not the worth of my
vntutord lines makes it assured

THE EPISTLE.

of acceptance . What I haue
done is yours, what I haue to
do is yours, being part in all I
haue, deuoted yours. Were my
worth greater, my duty would
shew greater, meane time, as it
is, it is bound to your Lord-
ship, to whom I wish long
life still lengthened
with all happi-
nesse.

Your Lordships in
all dutie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE ARGUMENT.

LVcius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his owne father in lawe Scruuius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Romane lawes and customes, not requiring or stayng for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other noble men of Rome, to besiege Ardea during which siege, the principall men of the Armie meeting one euening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius the kingsonne, in ther discour- ses after supper, euerie one commended the ver- tues of his owne wife: among whome Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastitie of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and inten ling by their secret & sodain arrivall to make triall of that which euery one had before avouched, only Colatinus findes his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maides, the other Ladies weare all found dauncing and reueling, or in severall dis- ports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded Cola- tinus the victorie and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucrece beauty, yet smothering his pas- sions for the present, departed with the rest back

to the Campe: from whence he shortly after pri-
uily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to
his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lu-
crece at Colatium. The same night he trea-
cherously stealeth in to her chamber, violently
rauisht her, and early in the morning speedeth a
way. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily
dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her fa-
ther, another to the Campe for Colatine. They
came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus
the other with Publius Valerius: and finding
Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demann-
ded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an
oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the actor
and whole manner of his dealing, and with all, so
daintly stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one
consent, they all vowed to roote out the whole ha-
ted familie of the Tarquins: and bearing the
dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the peo-
ple with the doer, and manner of the vile deede:
with a bitter inuective against the tirannie of the
King: wherewith the people were so moued, that
with one consent, and a generall acclamation,
the Tarquins were all exiled and the
states gouernment changed from
Kings to Consuls.



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false Desire,
Lust-breathed TARQVIN leaues the Romane host
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the wast
Of COLATINEs fair loue, LVCRECE the chaste

Hap'ly that name of chaste, vnhap'ly set
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite.
When COLATINE vnwisely did not let,
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,
Which triumpht in that skie of his delight:
Where mortall stars as bright as heauens beauties
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in TARQVINS tent,
Vnlockt the treasure of his happie state:
What pricelesse wealth the heauen had him lent,
In the possession of his beauteous mate
Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But King nor prince to such a peerelesse Dame.

THE RAPE

O happinesse enjoy'd but of a few,
 And if posselt as soone decayed and done;
 As in the mornings siluer melted dew,
 Against the golden splendour of the Sunne.
 An expir'd date cancelld ere well begunne.
 Honour and beautie in the owners armes,
 Are weakly fortrest from a world of harmes.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade
 The eyes of men with out an Orator,
 What needeth then Apologies be made
 To set forth that which is so singuler?
 Or why is COLATINE the publisher
 Of that rich iewell he should keepe vnknown,
 From theeuish eares because it is his owne?

Perchance his boast of L V C R E C E Sou'raignie,
 Suggested this proud issue of a king:
 For by our eares our hearts oft tainted be:
 Perchance that enuie of so rich a thing
 Brauing compare, disdainfully did sting (want,
 His high pitcht thoughts that meaner men should
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some vntimely thought did instigate,
 His all to timelesse speed, if none of those,
 His honor, his affaires, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes,
 To quench the coale which in the liuer growes.
 O rash false heate, wrapt in repentance cold,
 Thy hastie spring stil blasts and nere growes old.
When

OF LVCRECE.

When at Colatia this false Lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Romane Dame
Within whose face beautie and vertue strived,
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame.
Whé Vertue brag'd, Beautie would blush for shame,
When Beautie boasted blushes, in despight
Vertue would staine that ore with siluer white.

But Beautie in that white intirled,
From VENVS doues' doth challenge that faire field,
Then Vertue claimes from beautie, beauties red,
Which Vertue gaue the golden age to gild
Their siluer cheekes, and cald it then their shield:
Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,
When shame assaild, the red should fence the white.

This Heraldrie in LVCRECE face was scene,
Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white.
Of eithers colour was the other Queene,
Prouing from worlds minoritie their right,
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
The soueraignty of either being so greate.
That oft they interchang ech others fear.

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,
Which TARQUIN view'd in her faire faces field:
In their pure rankes his traytor eyes encloses,
Where least betweene them both it should be kild,
The coward captiue vanquished, doth yeeld
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now.

THE RAPE

Now thinks he that her husbands shall ow tongue.
The niggard prodigall that praisd her so:
In that high taske hath done her beautie wrong:
Which farre exceeds his barren skill to show.

Therefore the praise which COLATINE doth owe,
Inchanted TARQUIN answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly Saint adored by this deuill,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper.

“For vnstaind thoughts do seldome dreame on euill

“Birds neuer lim’d, no secret bushes feare:

So guilelesse she, securely giues good cheare,

And reuerend welcome to her princely guest.

Whose inward ill no outward harme exprest

For that he colourd with his high estate,

Hiding Base sinne in plectes of Maiesty:

That nothing in him seem’d inordinate,

Saue sometime too much wonder of his eye,

Which hauing all, all could not satisfie;

But poorely rich, so wanteth in his store

That cloyd with much he pineth still for more.

But she that neuer cop’t with stranger eyes,

Could picke no meaning from their parling looks,

Nor read the subtil shining secrecies

Writ in the glassie margents of such bookes,

She toucht no vnknowne baits, nor feard no hookes,

Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,

More then his eyes were open to the light.

He

OF LVCRECE.

He stories to her eares her husbands fame,
 Wonne in the fields of fruitfull Italy.
 And decks with praises COLATINEs high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalrie,
 With bruised armes and wreaths of victorie,
 Her ioy with heau'd-vp hand she doth expresse:
 And wordlesse so greets heauen for his successe.

Far from the purpose of his comming thether,
 He makes excuses for his being there
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather,
 Doth yet in his faire Welkin once appeare:
 Till sable Night, mother of dread and feare
 Vpon the world dim darknesse doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison stowes the day.

For then is TARQUIN brought vnto his bed,
 Intending wearinesse with heauie sprite:
 For after supper, long he questioned
 With modest LVCRECE, and wore out the night
 Now leaden slumber with lifes strength doth fight,
 And euery one to rest themselves betake, (wake
 Saue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that

As one of which doth TARQUIN lie reuoluing
 The sundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:
 Yet euer to obtaine his will resoluing (ning
 Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstain
 Despaire to gaine doth trafike oft for gaining,
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed
 Though death be adiust, ther's no death supposed
 Those

THERAPE

Those that much couet are with gaine so fond,
 That what they haue not that which they possesse
 They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,
 Or gaining more, the profite of excesse
 Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine (gaine
 That they proue bankrout in this poore rich

The ayme of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease in waining age:
 And in this ayme ther is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage.
 As life for honour, in fell battels rage,
 Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect.
 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
 In hauing much, torments vs with defect
 Of that we haue: so then we do neglect
 The thing we haue and all for want of wit,
 Make some thing nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting T A R Q V I N make,
 Pawning his honour to obtaine his lust:
 And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake.
 Then where is trueth, if there be no selfe-trust,
 When shall he thinke to find a stranger iust,
 When he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betrayes
 To slanderous tongues, & wretched hateful daies?
 Now

Now f
 When
 No co
 No noi
 Now s
 The
 Whi

And no
 Throw
 Is mad
 Th'one
 But ho
 Do
 Beat

His Fa
 That f
 Where
 Which
 And to
 As f
 So

Heere
 The d
 And i
 What
 Then
 His
 An

OF LVCRECE.

Now stole vpon the time the dead of night,
When heauie sleepe had clos'd vp mortall eyes,
No comfortable 'starre did lend his light,
No noise but Owles and wolues death-boding cries:
Now serues the season that they may surprise
The fillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & still,
While Lust and Murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,
Is madly tost betweene desire and dread
Th'one sweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,
But honest feare, bewitcht with lustes foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by branficke rude desire:

His Faulchon on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparkes of fire doe flie,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lodestarr e to his lustfull eye,
And to the flame thus speakes aduisedly,
As from this cold flint I enforst this fire,
So LVCRECE must I force to my desire.

Heere pale with feare he doth premeditate
The daungers of his lothsome enterprise:
And in his inward minde he doth debate,
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornefully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And iustly thus controls his thoughts vnjust.

Faire

THE RAPE

Faire torch burne out thy light and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
 And die vnhalloved thoughts, before you blot
 With your vncleannesse, that which is diuine:
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
 Let faire humanitie abhor the deede, (weed-
 That spots & staines loues modest snow-white

O shame to knighthood, and to shining armes,
 O fowle dishonor to my houthoulds graue,
 O impious act including all foule harmes.
 A martiall man to be soft Fancies slaue,
 True valour still a true respect should haue:
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 That it will liue engrauen in my face,

Yea though I die the scandale will suruiue,
 And be my eye-sore in my golden coates:
 Some loathsome dath the Herralde will contriue,
 To ciphier me how fondly I did dote.
 That my posteritie shamed with the note
 Shall curse my bones and hold it for no sinne,
 To wish that I their father had not bin.

What winne I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
 A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,
 Who buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
 Or fells æternitie to get a toy,
 For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,
 Would with the scepter straight be stroken downe?

If

If C
 Will b
 Post b
 This f
 This b
 Th
 Wh

O wh
 When
 Wil
 Mine
 The g
 An
 Bu

Had c
 Or lai
 Or we
 Migh
 As in
 Bu
 Th

Sham
 Hatef
 lle be
 The v
 My w
 W
 Sha

OF LVCRECE.

If COLATINVS dreame of my intente,
Will he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage.
This dying vertue, this suruiuing shame.
Whose crime will beare an euer during blame.

O what excuse can my inuention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed?
Wil not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints shake?
Mine eyes forgoe their light, my false harte bleede?
The guilt being great, the feare doth still exceede,
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kilde my sonne or fire,
Or laine in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare frind, this desire
Might haue excuse to worke vpon his wife:
As in reuenge or quittall of such strife.
But as he is my kinsman, my deare frend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end,

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: ther is no hate in louing,
He beg her loue: but she is not her owne:
The worst is but deniall and reproofing.
My will is strong, past reasons weake remouing:
Who feares a sentence or an old mans saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

THE RAPE

thus gracelesse holds he disputation,
Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Vrging the worse fence for vantage still.
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effectes, and doth so farre proceede,
That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deed:

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes
Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band,
Where her beloued COLATINVS lies.
O how her feare did make her colour rise!
First red as Roses that on Lawne we lay.
Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke away.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare.
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Vntill her husbands welfare she did heare.
Whereat she smiled with so sweete a cheare.
That had NARCISSVS seene her as she stood,
Self-loue had neuer drown'd him in the floud,

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses,
All Orators are dumbe when beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches haue remorse in pure abuses,
Loue thrives not in the heart that shadowes dreadeth
Affection is my Captaine, and he leadeth.
And when his gaudy banner is displayd,
The coward fightes, and will not be dismayd.

Then

The
Respe
My h
Sad
My pe
Del
The

As cor
Is alm
Away
Full o
Both v
So c
That

Withi
And in
That c
That c
Vnto a
But
Wh

And th
Who f
Stuffe
And as
Paying
By re
The

OF LVCRECE.

Then childish feare awaunt, debating die.
Respect and Reason waite on wrinkled age;
My heart shall neuer countermaund my eye;
Sad Pause and deepe Regard beseemes the sage,
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, Beautie my prise,
Then who feare sinking where such treasure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weeds: so headfull feare
Is almost choakt by vnresisted lust.
Away he steales with open listning eare,
Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust:
Both which as seruitors to the vniust,
So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfesame seate sits COLATINE,
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more diuine,
Vnto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worse part.

And therein hartens vp his scruile powers,
Who flattered by their leaders iocund show,
Stuffe vp his lust, as minutes fill vp howres.
And as their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slauish tribute then they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led
The Romane Lord marcheth to LVCRECE bed.

THE RAPE

The lockes betwene her chamber and his will,
 Ech one by him enforst, retires his ward,
 But as they open they all rate his ill,
 Which driues the creeping theefe to some regard,
 The threshold grates the doore to haue him heard.
 Night-wandering Weezles shreek to see him there,
 They fright him, yet still pursues him feare.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place
 The winde warres with his torch to make him stay
 And blowes the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case.

But his hot heart which fond delight doth scorch,
 Puffes forth another winde that fires the torch

And being lighted by the light, he spies
 LVCRECIAS gloue, wherein her needle stickes,
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
 As who should say, this gloue to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd; returne againe in hast,
 Thou seest our mistresse ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,
 He in the worst sence construes their deniall:
 The dore, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,
 He takes for accidentall things of triall.
 Or as those barres which stop the houely diall:
 Who with a lingring stay his course doth let,
 Till euery minute payes the houre his debt.

So

OF LVCRECE.

So so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometimes threat the spring,
To ad a more reioycing to the prime,
And giue the snaped birdes more cause to sing.
Paine paies the incom of ech precious thing, (sads
Huge rockes, high windes, strong pirats, shclues &
The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,
That shuts him from the heauen of his thought,
Which with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
Hath bard him from the blessed thing he sought:
So from himselfe impietie hath wrought,
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
As if the heauens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,
Hauing sollicitd th' eternall power,
That his foule thoughts might copasse his fair faire,
And they would stand suspicious to the bowre,
Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must desloure:
The powers to whome I pray abhor this fact.
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
My will is backt with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
The blackest sinne is cleared with absolution,
Against loues fire feares frost hath dissolution.
The eye of Heauen is out, and mistie night
Couers the shame that follows sweet delight.

THE RAPE

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide.
The dowe sleepes fast that this night Owle wil catch:
Thus treason workes ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps a side;
But she sounde sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalkes.
And gazeth on her yet vnstained bed:
The cortaines being close, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedy eye-ball in his head,
By their high treason is his heart misle-led,
Which giues the watchword to his hand ful soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the siluer Moone.

Looke as the faire and fiery pointed Sunne,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaues our sight:
Euen so the curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.
Whether it is that she reflects so bright.
That dazled them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keepe themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darke some prison died,
Then had they seene the period of their ill:
Then COLATINE againe by LVCRECE side:
In his cleare bed might haue reposed still
But they must ope this blessed league to kill.
And holy-thoughted LVCRECE to their fight
Must sell her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her

OF LVCRECE.

Her lillie hand her rosie cheekes lies vnder,
Cooſning the pillow of a lawfull kiſſe:
Who therefore angrie ſeemes to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſſe
Betweene whoſe hils her head intomb'd is;
Where like a vertuous monument ſhe lies,
To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet, whoſe perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the graſſe,
With pearly ſwet, reſembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkneſſe ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like golden threeds with her breath,
O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſty!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortallite
Ech in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie.
As if betweene them twaine their were no ſtriſe.
But that life liued in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like iuorie globes circled with blew,
A paire of mayden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of their Lord no bearing yoke they knew.
And him by oath they truly honored.
Theſe worlds in T A R Q V I N new ambition bred,
Who like a foule vſurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

THE RAPE

What could he see but mightily he noted,
What did he note but strongly he desired,
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilfull eye he tired.
With more then admiration he admired
Her azure vaines, her alabaster skinne,
Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:
So ore this sleeping soule doth TARQUIN stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slackt, not supprest, for standing by her side,
His eye which late this murinie restraines,
Vnto a greater vprore tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling slaues for pillage fighting
Obdurate vassals sell exploits effecting:
In bloody death and rauishment delighting,
Nor childrens teares nor mothers grones respecting
Swell in their pride, the onfet still expecting.
Anon his beating heart alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge & bids the do their liking.

His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,
His eye commendes the leading to his hand:
His hand as proud of such a dignitie,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on to make his stand
Oh her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose rancks of blew vaines as his hand did scale
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They

OF LVCRECE.

They mustering to the quiet Cabiner,
Where their deare gouernesse and Lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
She much amaz'd, breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,
Who peeping forth this tumult to behold.
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull sleepe by deadfull fancy waking,
That thincks she hath beheld some gasty spirit,
Whose grim aspect sets euery ioynt a shaking,
What terror ist: but she in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,
Like to a new-kild bird she trembling lies:
She dares not looke, yet winking there appears
Quicke shifting Antiques vgly in her eyes.
"Such shadowes are theweake-braines forgeries
Who angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darkenesse daunt the with more dreadful sights

His hand that yet remains vpon her breast,
(Rude Ram to batter such an iuory wall:)
May feele her heart (poore Citizen) distressed,
Wounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall;
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.
This moues in him more rage and lesser pittie;
To make his breach, and enter this sweete Cide.

THE RAPE

First like a Trumpet doth his tongue begin,
 To sound a parley to his hartlesse foe,,
 When ore the white sheete peeres her whiter chin,
 The reason of this rash alarme to know,
 Which he by dumbe demeanour seekes to show:
 But she with vehement prayers vrgeth still,
 Vnder what colour he commits this ill?

Thus he replies: the colour in thy face,
 That euen for anger makes the Lillie pale,
 And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,
 Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.
 Vnder that colour am I come to scale
 Thy neuer-conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou meane to chide.
 Thy beautie hath ensnar'd thee to this night.
 Where thou with patience must my will abide
 My will that makes thee for my earths delight,
 which I to conquer sought with all my might,
 But as Reproofe and Reason beat it dead.
 By thy bright Beauty it was newly bred.

I see what crosse: my attempt will bring,
 I know that thornes the growing rose defends,
 I thinke the honey garded with a sting,
 All this before hand counsell comprehends.
 But will is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie.
 And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or dutie.

OF LVCRECE

I haue debated euen in my soule,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed
 But nothing can affections course controule,
 Or stop the headlong furie of his speed.
 I know repentant teares ensue the deed.
 Reproch, disdain, and deadly enmitie,
 Yet strue I to imbrace mine infamie.

This said, he shakes aloft his Romane blade,
 Which like a Faulcon trowing in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowle below with his wings shade,
 Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
 So vnder his insulting Fauchion lies

Harmelesse LVCRETIA, marking what he tels,
 With trembling feare: as fowle heare Falcons bels

LVCRECE, quoth he, this night I must enioy thee
 If thou denie, then force must worke my way:
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
 That done, some worthlesse slaue of thine Ile slay.
 To Kill thine honour with thy liues decay.

And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him
 Swearing I slue him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy suruiuing husband shall remaine
 The scornfull marke of euery open eye,
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with namelesse bastardy;
 And thou the Author of their obloquie,
 Shall haue thy trespass cited vp in rimes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

But

THE RAPE

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,
 The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,
 "A little harme done to a great good end,
 For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.
 "The poysonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound; being so applyed,
 His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,
 Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no deuise can take,
 The blemish that will neuer be forgot:
 Worse then a slauiſh wipe, or birth-houres blot,
 For markes defcried in mens natiuitie.
 Are Natures faults, not their owne infamie.

Here with a Cockatrice dead-killing eye,
 He rowseth vp himſelfe, and makes a pause,
 While ſhe the picture of pure pietie,
 Like a white Hind vnder the gripes sharpe clawes
 Pleadſ in a wilderneſſe where are no lawes,
 To the rowgh beaſt, that knowes no gentle right,
 Nor ought obeyes but his foule appetite.

But when a blacke-fac'd cloud the world doth thret
 In his dim myſt the aspiring mountaines hiding:
 Frō earths darke-womb ſome gentle guſt doth get,
 Which blow theſe pitchy vapours from their biding
 Hindring their preſent fall by this diuiding.

So his vn hollowed haſt her words delayes,
 And moody P L V T o winks while Orpheus plaies
Yet

OF LVCRECE

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dally,
 While in his bold-fast foot the weake mouse panteth
 Her sad behauiour feeds his vulture Folly,
 A swallowing gulfe that euen in plentie wanteth.
 His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her playning, (ning,
 'Tears harden lust, though marble were with rai-

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
 In the remorselesse wrinkles of his face:
 Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,
 Which to her Oratorie adds more grace,
 She puts the period often from his place,
 And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,
 That twise she doth begin ere once she speaks,

She coniures him by high Almighty Ioue,
 By Knighthood, gentrie, and sweet frindships oath,
 By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue, 4
 By holy humane law, and common troth,
 By heauen and earth, and all the power of both
 That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
 And stoope to Honor not to foule Desire.

Quoth she, reward not Hospitalitie,
 With such blacke payment, as thou hast pretended:
 Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee;
 Marre not the thing that cannot be amended:
 End thy ill ayme, before thy shoote be ended.
 He is no Wood-man that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poore vnseasonable Doe,

My

THE RAPE

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
Thy selfe art mightie, for thy owne sake leaue me
My selfe a weakling, do not then inuade me,
Thou lookest not like deceipt, do not deceiue me,
My sighs like whirlwindes labor hence to heaue thee
If euer man were mou'd with womans mones,
Be moued with my teares, my sighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
Beate at thy rockie, and wracke-threatning heart,
To soften it with their continuall motion:
For stones dissolued, to water do conuert.
O if no harder then a stone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
Soft pittie enters at an yron gate.

In T A R Q V I N S likenesse I did intertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?
To all the Hoste of Heaven I complaine me.
Thou wrongst his honor, wouldest his princely name
Thou art not what thou seemest, and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King;
For kinges like gods should gouerne euery thing

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage
What darest thou not when thou art a king?
O be remembered, no outrageous thing
From vassall actors can be wipte away,
Then Kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay,

This

This
But ha
With f
When
If but
"For
"Wh

And w
Must h
Will d
Autho
To pri
Tho
And

Hast t
From
Draw
For it
The p
Wh
He l

Think
To vi
"Men
"The
This
O
Th

OF LVCRECE.

This deed will make the only lou'd for feare,
But happy Monarchs still are feard for loue:
With foule offenders thou perforce must beare,
When they in thee the light offences proue:
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.
"For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
"Where subiect eyes do learne, do reade, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shal learne?
Must he in thee reade lectures of such shame?
Will thou be glasse wherein it shal discern
Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge dishonour in thy name.
Thou backst reproch against long liuing laud,
And mak'st faire Reputation but a baud.

Hast thou commaund'd by him that gaue it thee
From a pure heart command thy rebell will;
Draw not thy sword to gard iniquitie,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
The princely office how canst thou fulfill?
When patern'd by thy fault, foule sinne may say,
He learn'd no sinne, and thou didst teach the way

Thinke but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespasse to another:
"Mens faults do seldome to themselues appeare,
"Their own transgressions partially the y smoother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother:
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That fro their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes!
To

THE RAPE

To thee, to thee, my heart'd vp hands appeale,
 Not to reducing lust thy rash relyer;
 I sue for exil'd maiesties repeale,
 Let him returne, and flattering thoughts retire,
 His true respect will prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eien,
 That thou shalt see thy state and pittie mine.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
 Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let.
 Small lights are soone blowen out, huge fires abide,
 And with the winde in greater furie fret;
 The pettie streames that pay a dayly det
 To their salt soueraigne with their fresh fals hast,
 Adde to the slowe, but alter not his tast.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a soueraigne king.
 And loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood,
 Blacke lust, dishonor, shame, misgouerning,
 Who seekes to staine the Ocean of thy bloud.
 If all these pettie ils shall change thy good,
 Thy sea with in a puddle wombe is herfed,
 And not the puddles in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaues be king, and thou their slaue.
 Thou noblie base, they basely dignified:
 Thou their faire life, and they thy fouler graue;
 Thou lothed in their shame, they in thy pride,
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide,
 The Cedar stoops not to the base shrubs foote,
 But low shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So

So let
 No no
 Yeeld
 In ste
 That
 Vn
 To

This
 For li
 Sham
 When
 The V
 Till
 Into

For w
 He pe
 Cooli
 That
 O tha
 Th
 He

But sh
 And h
 This
 This
 This
 Pu
 A

OF LVCRECE.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state.
No more, quoth he, by heauen I wil not heare thee.
Yeeld to my loue, if not enforced hate,
In steed of loues coy touch shall rudely teare thee
That done; despightfully I meane to beare thee
Vnto some bale bed of some rascall groome,
To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This sayd, he sets his foot vpon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,
When most vnseene, then most doth tyrannize.
The Wolf hath seiz'd his pray the poore lamb cries
Till with her own white fleece her voyce controld
Intombs her outcrie in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly linnen that she weares,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hote face in the chafest teares,
That euer modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O that proud lust should staine so pure a bed,
The spots whereof could weeping purifie,
Her teares should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would loose againe,
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentarie ioy breedes months of paine,
This hot desire conuerts to cold disdain;
Pure chastitie is rifled of her store,
And lust the theefe farre porer then before.

Looke

THE RAPE

Look as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
 Vnapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether bauke,
 The praie wherein by nature they delight:
 So surfer-taking T A R Q V I N E fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion-sowering,
 Deuours his will, that liued by foule deuouring.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt.
 Ere he can see his abomination,
 While Lust is in his pride no exclamation
 Can curbe his heate, or reine his rash desire,
 Till like a lade, selfe-will himselfe doth tire.

And then with lanke and leane discoloured cheeke,
 With heauie eye, knit brow, and strengthlesse pace,
 Feeble Desire all recreant, poore and meeke,
 Like to a banckrout begger wayles his case:
 The flesh being prou'd Desire doth fight with grace;
 For there it reuels, and when that decays,
 The guiltie rebell for remission prayes.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased,
 For now against himselfe he sound: this doome,
 That through the length of times he stands disgraced
 Besides his loules faire temple is defaced,
 To whose weake ruines muster troopes of cares,
 To aske the spotted Princesse how she fares

She

She f
 Haue
 And b
 Her in
 To liu
 Wh
 But k

Euen i
 A capt
 Bearin
 The sc
 Leauin
 She
 And

He like
 She lik
 He fro
 She del
 He fair
 She st
 He ru

He ther
 She the
 He in h
 She pra
 For day
 And
 To c

OF LVCRECE.

She sayes her subiects with foule insurrection,
Haue batterd downe her consecrated wall,
And by their mortall fault brought in subiection
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall
To liuing death and paine perpetuall.

Which in her prescience she controled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Euen in this thought through the dark night he stea-
A captiue victor that hath lost in gaine. (keth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scarre that will dispiight of Cure remaine,
Leauing his spoyle perplex in greater paine.

She beares the load of lust he left behind
And he the burthen of a guiltie mind.

He like a theeuish dog creepes sadly thence,
She like a wearied Lambe lies panting there.
He frowles, and hates himselfe for his offence,
She desperate with her nayles her flesh doth teare.
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty feare;
She stayes, exclaming on the direfull night,
He runnes and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauie conuertite,
She there remaines a hopelesse cast-away:
He in his speed looks for the morning light:
She prays she neuer may behold the day.
For day, quoth she, nights scapes doth open lay:
And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

C

They

THE RAPE

They thinke not but that euery eye can see,
 The same disgrace which they themselues behold:
 And therefore would they still in darkenesse be
 To haue their vnseene sinne remaine vtold.
 For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,
 And graue like water that doth eate in steele,
 Vpon my cheekes, what helpelesse shame I feele,

Here she exclames against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind,
 Shee wakes her heart by beating on her breast:
 And bids it leape from thence, where it may finde.
 Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind. (Spight
 Franticke with grieke thus breathes shee forth her
 Against the vnseene secrecie of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
 Dim register, and notary of shame.
 Blacke stage for tragedies, and murders fell,
 Vast sin-concealing Chaos, nurse of blame,
 Blinde muffled bawd, darke harbor for defame,
 Grim caue of death, whispring conspirator,
 With close tong'd treason, and the rauisher.

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggie night,
 Since thou art guiltie of my curelesse crime:
 Muster thy mylts to meete the Easterne light,
 Make warre against proportion'd course of time.
 Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poysonous cloudes about his golden head.

With

With
 Let th
 The l
 Ere h
 And l
 Tha
 May

Were
 The si
 Her tw
 Throu
 So sho
 And
 As I

Where
 To cro
 To ma
 But I a
 Season
 Ming
 Poo

O nigh
 Let no
 Which
 Immo
 Keepe
 Tha
 May

OF LVCRECE.

With rotting damp stauish the morning aire,
Let their exhale vnwholesome breaths make sicke
The life of puritie, the supreme faire,
Ere he arriue his wearie noon-tide prick.
And let thy mystic vapour march so thicke,
That in their smoakie racks, his smothered light
May set at noone, and make perpetuall night.

Were T A R Q V I N night, as he is but nights child,
The siluer shining Queene he would distaine,
Her twinkling handmaids to (by him defild)
Through nights blacke bosom should not peep again.
So should I haue copartners in my paine,
And fellowship in woe doth woe allwage,
As Palmers that make short the pilgrimage.

Where now I haue no one to blush with me,
To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,
But I a lone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of siluer brine,
Mingling my talk with teares, my griefe with groanes
Poore wasting monuments of lasting moones.

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking smoke!
Let not the iealous day behold that face,
Which vnderneath thy blacke all hiding cloke,
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
Keepe still possession of thy gloomie place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
May likewise be sepulcherd in thy shade.

THE RAPE

Make me not object to the tel-tale day,
 The light will shew charactered in my brow
 The stories of sweete chastities decay,
 The impious breath of holy weldocks vow
 Yea, the illiterate that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
 Well quote my lothsome trespasse in my lookes.

The nourse to still her child will tell my storie,
 And fright her-crying babe with TARQVINS name
 The Orator to decke his oratorie.
 Will couple my reproch to TARQVINS shame.
 Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame,
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
 How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE

Let my good name that sencelesse reputation,
 For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnspotted,
 If that be made a theame for disputation,
 The branches of another roote are rotted,
 And vnder seru'd reproch to him allotted,
 That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
 As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O vnscene shame inuisible disgracel
 O vnfelt sore, crest-wounding priuate scarrel
 Reproch is stamp't in COLATINVS fate,
 And TARQVINS eye may reade the mor a farrel
 "How he in peace is wounded, not in warre.
 Alas how many beare such shamefull blowes,
 Which not the selues, but he that giues the knowes
 If

If C
 Fro
 My
 Hau
 But
 In
 A

Yet
 Yet
 Com
 For
 Besid
 An
 Wh

Why
 Or ha
 Or T
 Or ty
 Or Ki
 "Bu
 "th

The ag
 Is plag
 And sc
 But lik
 And vs
 Hau
 But

OF LVCRECE.

If COLATINE, thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honny lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,
Haue no perfection of my sommer left,
But rob'd and ransak't by iniurious theft,
In thy weake Hiue a wandring waspe hath erept,
And suck't the honny which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy honors wracke.
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
For it had beene dishonor to disdain him,
Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,
And talke of vertue (O vnlookt for euill,)
When vertue is prophand in such a Deuill.

Why should the worme intrude the maiden bud,
Or hatefull Cuckowes hatch in Sparrowes nests?
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or tyrant Folly lurke in gentle breasts?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne behests?
"But no perfection is so absolute,
"that some impuritie doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painfull fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still pining TANTALVS he sits,
And vselesse barnes the haruest of his wits.
Hauiing no other pleasure of his gaine
But torment, that it cannot cure his paine.

THE RAPE

So then he hath it, when he cannot vse it,
And leaues it to be maistred by his yong,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it,
Their father was too weake and they too strong
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

“The sweets we wish for, turne to loathed sowrs,
“Euen in the moment that we call them ours,

Vnruly blasts waite on the tender spring,
Vnwholsome weeds take root with precious flowers,
The adder hisseth where the sweete birdes sing,
What vertue breeds, Iniquitie deuours.
We haue no good that we can say is ours
But ill-annexed Opportunitie
Or kils his life, or els his qualitie.

O Opportunitie, thy guilt is greate,
Tis thou that execut'st the traytors treason.
Thou sets the Wolfe where he the lambe may get,
Who euer plots the sinne, thou point'st the season.
Tis thou that sprun'st at right, at law, at reason,
And in thy shady Cell where none may spie him,
Sits Sin to seaze the soules that wander by him,

Thou mak'st the Vestall violate her oth,
Thou blowest the fire when Temperance is thawd,
Thou smother'st honestie, thou murderest troth,
Thou foule abbettor, thou notorious baud:
Thou plantest scandall, and displacest laud.
Thou rauisher; thou traitor, thou false theefe,
Thy honey turnes to gall, thy ioy to griefe.

Thy

OF LVCRECE.

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame,
Thy priuat feasting to a publike fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugred tongue to a bitter wormewood tast,
Thy violent vanities can neuer last.

How comes it then, vile opportunitie
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend,
And bring him where his sute may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an houre greate strife to end?
Or free that soule which wretchednes hath chained?
Giue physicke to the sicke, ease to the pained?
The poore, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee
But they nere met with opportunitie.

The Patient dies while the Physitian sleeps,
The Orphane pines while the Oppressor feedes:
Iustice is feasting while the widowe weepes.
Aduise is sporting while infection breeds.
Thou grauntst no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, enuie, treason, rape, and murders rages.
Thy hainous houres waite on them as their pages

When Trueth and Vertue haue to doe with thee,
A thousand crossies keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy helpe, bnt Sin nere giues a foe,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid
As well to heare, as grant what he hath sayd.

My COLATINE would else haue come to me.
When TARQUIN did, but he was stayd by thee.

THE RAPE

Guiltie thou art of murder, and of theft,
 Guiltie of periurie, and subornation,
 Guiltie of treason, forgerie, and shift,
 Guiltie of incest that abomination,
 And accessarie by thine inclination
 To all sinnes past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the generall doome.

Mishapen time, copesmate of vgly night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grieufully care,
 Eater of youth, false slaue to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sins packe-horse, verrues snare,
 Thou nourishest all, and murthrest all that are.
 O heare me then, iniurious shifting time,
 Be guilty of my death since of my crime.

Why hath thy seruant Opportunitie
 Betrayd the houres thou gau'st me to repose;
 Canceled my fortunes, and inchained me
 To endlesse date of neuer ending woes?
 Times office is to fine the hate of foes,
 To eate vp error by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

Times glorie is to calme contending kings,
 To vnmaske falshood, and bring truth to light,
 To stampe the scale of time inaged things,
 To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right.
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres
 And smere with dust their glittering goulden towers

To

OF LVCRECE.

To fill with worme-holes stately monuments,
To feede obliuion with decaye of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,
To drie the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs:
To spoile antiquities of hammerd steele,
And turne the giddy round of fortunes wheele

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make a child a man, the man a child,
To slay the Tygre that doth liue by slaughter
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lyon wild,
To mocke the subtle in themselves beguild,
To cheare the Plowman with increasefull crops,
And waste huge stones with little water drops,

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Vnlesse thou cold'st returne to make amends
One poore retiring minute in an age.
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad detters lends, (backe
O this dread night, wouldest thou one houre come
I could preuent this storme, and shun thy wracke,

Thou ceaselesse lackie to Eternity,
With some mischance crosse T A R Q V I N in his flight
Deuise extreames beyond extremitie,
To make him curse this cursed crimefull night:
Let gastly shadowes his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed euill,
Shape every bush a hideous shapelesse deuill.

Disturbs

THERAPE

Disturbe his howers of rest with restlesse trances,
 Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones;
 Let there bechance him pitifull milchances,
 To make him mone, but pitie not his mones,
 Stone him with hardned hearts harder then stone,
 And let mild women to him looe his mildnesse,
 Wilder to him then Tygres in their wildnesse.

Let him haue time to teare his curled haire,
 Let him haue time against himselfe to raue,
 Let him haue time of Times helpe to despaire,
 Let him haue time to liue a lothed slaue,
 Let him haue time a beggers orts to craue,
 And time to see one that by almes doth liue,
 Disdaine to him disdained scraps to giue.

Let him haue time to see his friends his foes,
 And merrie fooles to mocke at him resort:
 Let him haue time to marke how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly, and his time of sport.
 And euer let his vnrecalling crime
 Haue time to waile th' abusing of his time.

O Time thou tutor both to good and bad,
 Teach me to curse him that thou taughtst this ill:
 At his owne shadow let the theefe run mad,
 Himselfe, himselfe seeke euery houre to kill, (still.
 Such wretched hands such wretched bloud should
 For who so base would such an office haue,
 As slaunders deaths-man to so a base a slaue?

The

OF LVCRECE:

The baser is he coming from a King,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate,
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandall waits on greater state.
The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,
But little starres may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bathe his coleblacke wings in mire,
And vnperceind flie with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
The staine vpon his siluer Downe will stay.
Poore grooms are sightlesse night, kings glorious day
Gnats are vnnoted wherefoere they flye.
But Eagles gaz'd vpon with euery eye.

Out idle words, seruants to shallow fooles.
Vnprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,
Busie your selues in skil-contending schooles:
Debate where leasure serues with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators,
For me I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

In vaine I raile at Opportunitie,
At time, at T A R Q V I N, and vnchearefull night,
In vaine I cauill with mine infamie,
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd despight,
This helpelesse smoke of words doth me no right:
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my soule defiled blood.

THERAPE

Poore hand why quierst thou at this decree?
Honour thy selfe to rid me of this shame,
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
But if I liue, thou liu'st in my defame;
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame,
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked Foe,
Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desp'rat Instrument of death,
But this no-slaughter house no toole imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth,
As smoke from AETNA, that in aire consumes.
Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes,

In vaine(quothe she) I liue, and seeke in vaine
Some happie meane to end a haplesse life:
I fear'd by TARQUIN Faunchion to be slaine,
Yet for the selfesame purpose seeke a knife;
But when I fear'd, I was a loyall wife,
So am I now, ô no, that cannot be,
Of that true type hath TARQUIN, rifled me.

O that is gone for which I sought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this spot by death(at least) I giue
A badge of Fame to sclaunders liuerie.
A dying life to liuing infamie.
Poore helplesse helpe, the treasure stolne away,
To burne the guiltlesse casket wher it lay.

Well

Well
The
I will
To fl
This
He
Th

Nor
Nor
But t
Bafel
For
A
T

I wil
Nor
My
To
My
A
fl

By
Th
An
To
Le
I
A

OF LVCRECE.

Well well deare COLATINE, thou shalt not know
The stained tast of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard grasse shall neuer come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollate,
That thou art doting father of his fruite.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought.
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
But thou shalt know thy intrest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolne from forth thy gate,
For me I am the mistresse of my fate,
And with my trespassse neuer will dispence,
Till life to death acquit my forse offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,
Nor sold my fault in cleanly coyn'd excuses,
My fable ground of sinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.
My tongue shall vtter all, mine eyes like sluces,
As from a mountaine spring that feedes a dale,
shall gush pure streames to purge my impure tale,

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemne night with slow sad gate descended
To ougly Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow,
But cloudie LVCRECE shames her selfe to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistred be,
Reuealing.

THE RAPE

Reuealing day through euery crannie spies,
 And seemes to point her out where she sits weeping,
 To whome shee sobbing speakes, ð eye of eyes, / ping
 Why pry'st thou through my window? leaue thy pee-
 Mock with thy tickling beames, eyes that are sleeping
 Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cauls she with euery thing shee sees,
 True griefe is fond and testie as a child,
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees,
 Old woes, not infant sorrowes beare them milde,
 Continuance tames the one; the other wilde,
 Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drownes for want of skill.

So shee deepe'drenched in a Sea of care,
 Holds disputation with ech thing she viewes,
 And to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,
 No obiect but her passions strength renewes,
 And as one shiftes another straight ensues,
 Sometime her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,
 Sometime tis mad and too much talke afoordes,

The little birds that tune their morning ioy,
 Make her mones mad with their sweet melody,
 "For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,
 "Sad soules are slaine in merrie companie,
 "Griefe best is pleas'd with griefes societie?
 "True sorrow then is feelinglie suffiz'd,
 "When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

"Tis

OF LVCRECE.

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,
"He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
"To see the salve doth make the wound ake more,
"Great griefe grieues most at that would do it good,
"Deepe woes rowle forward like a gentle flood,
Who being stopt the bounding banks oreflowes,
Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe
Within your hollow swelling feathered breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
My restless discord loues no stops nor rests:
"A wotull Hostesse brookes not merrie guests,
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing cares,
"Distresse likes dumps whe time is kept with tears.

Come Philomele that sing'st of rauishment,
Make thy sad groue in my disheuld haire,
As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment,
So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,
And with deepe grones the Diapason beare.
For burthen-wise Ile hum on T A R Q V I N still,
While thou on T E R E V S descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bearst thy part,
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,
Who if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.
These meanes, as frets vpon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to giue languishment.

And

THE RAPE

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold.
Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,
That knowes not parching heat, nor freeing cold.
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds
Since me^e proue beasts, let beasts, beare gentle minds.

As the poore frighted Deere that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to flie,
Or one in compast with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with her selfe she in mutinie^e
To liue or die which of the twane were better
When life is sham'd and death reproches detter

To kill my selfe, quoth she, alacke what were it,
But with my body my poore soules pollution?
They that loose halfe with greater patience beare it,
Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a mercilesse conclusion,
Who hauing two sweete babes, when death takes
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none. (one,

My body or my soule which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made diuine,
Whose loue of either, to my selfe was nearer
When both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE.
Ay me, the barke pild from the loftie pine,
His leaues will wither, and his sap decay,
So must my soule, her barke being pild away

her

Her be
Her ma
Her fac
Grosly
Then l
If in c
Thro

Yet die
Haue h
That h
Reueng
My stain
Whit
And

My Hon
That wo
Tis Hon
The on
So of sh
For i
My fl

Deare I
Whag le
My reso
By who
How T
My se
And

OF LVCRECE.

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batterd by the enemye,
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoylede, corrupted,
 Grossly ingirt with daring infamie.
 Then let it not be cald impietie,
 If in this blemisht fort I make some hole;
 Through which I may conuay this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
 Haue heard the cause of my vntimely death,
 That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
 Reuenge on him that made me stop my breath,
 My stained bloud to TARQUIN Ile bequeath,
 Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
 And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honor Ile bequeath vnto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonored,
 Tis Honor to deprive dishonord life,
 The one will liue, the other being dead.
 So of shames ashes shall my Fame be bred,
 For in my death I murder shamefull scorne,
 My shame so dead, my honor is new borne.

Deare Lord of that deare ieuell I haue lost
 What legacie shall I bequeath to thee?
 My resolution, loue, shall be thy boist,
 By whose example thou reueng'd mayst be.
 How TARQUIN must be vs'd, read it in me,
 My selfe thy friend will kill my selfe thy foe,
 And for my sake serue thou false TARQUIN so.

D

This

THE RAPE

This brieft abridgement of my will I make,
 My soule and body to the Skies and ground
 My resolution (Husband) do you take,
 Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
 My shame be his that did my fame confound;
 And all my Fame that lues, disbursed be
 To those that lue and thinke no shame of me,

Thou COLATINE shalt oversee this will,
 How was I ouerseene that thou shalt see it?
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill?
 My lifes foule deed my lifes faire end shall free it.
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say so be it.
 Yeeld to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee.
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly shee had laid,
 And wipte the brinish pearle from her bright eyes,
 With vtun'd tongue, she hoarsly cald her maid,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistresse hies
 "For fleet wing'd dutie with thoughts feathers flies
 Poore L V C I E C E cheekes vnto her maid seaso
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse she doth giue demure good morrow,
 With soft slow tongue, true markes of modestie,
 And sorts a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,
 (For why, her face wore sorrowes liverie)
 But durst not aske of her audaciously,
 Why her two suns were clowd-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her faire cheeks ouer-washt with woe.

But

But as
 Each fl
 Euen so
 Her circ
 Of chos
 Who
 Whic

A pretti
 Like iuc
 One iust
 No caus
 Their g
 Griev
 And th

For me
 And the
 The wea
 Is ferm
 Then ca
 No m
 Where

Their sm
 Lyes op
 In men a
 Caue-ke
 Throug
 Thoug
 Poore v

OF LVCRECE.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being set,
Each flower moystned like a melting eye:
Euen so the mayd with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyen inforc'd by sympathie
Of those faire Suns set in her mistresse skie,
Who in a salt-wau'd Ocean quench their light,
Which makes the mayd weep like the dewy night.

A prettie while these prittie creatures stand,
Like iuory conduits corall cesterne filling:
One iustly weepes, the other takes in hand
No cause but company of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,
Griewing themselues to gelle at others smart,
And the they drown their eyes, or break their harts

For men haue marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake opprest, th'impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud and skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe shall be accounted euill,
Wherin is stamp't the semblance of a deuill.

Their smoothnesse like a goodly champaine plaine,
Layes open all the little wormes to creepe,
In men as in a rough growne groue remaine
Caue-keeping euils that obscurely sleepe.
Through chrystall walles eche little mote will peepe,
Though me can couer crimes with bold stern looks
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

THE RAPE

No man inueighs against the withered flowre,
 But chides rough winter that the flower hath kild,
 Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuoure
 Is worthy blame, ô let it not be hild
 Poore womens faults, that they are so fulfild
 With mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
 Make weake-made women tenants to their shame

The president whereof in *L V C R E C E* view,
 Affail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might insue,
 By that her death to do her husband wrong:
 Such danger to resistance did belong:
 That dying feare through all her body spread,
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this mild Patience did faire *L V C R E C E* speake
 To the poore counterfeite of her complaining.
 My girle, quoth she, on what occasion breake
 Those teares from thee, that down thy cheeks are rai
 If thou dost weepe for griefe of my sustaining. (ning)
 Know gentle wench, it small auailes my mood,
 If teares could helpe, my own would do me good

But tell me girle, when went (and there she staid,
 Till after a deepe grone) *T A R Q V I N* from hence?
 Madam ere I was vp (repli'd the maid,)
 The more to blame my sluggish negligence.
 Yet with the fault I thus farre can dispence:
 My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day,
 And ere I rose was *T A R Q V I N* gone away.

But

But I
 She v
 O per
 The r
 For m
 An
 Wh

Goge
 Yet la
 (Wha
 Bid th
 A lett
 Bid h
 The

Her m
 First h
 Conce
 What
 This i
 Mu
 Thr

At last
 Of tha
 Health
 (If cue
 Some p
 So I
 My w

OF LVCRECE.

But Lady if your mayd may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness:
 O peace (quoth LVCRECE) if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it lesse:
 For more it is then I can well expresse,
 And that deepe torture may be cald a Hell,
 When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get me hither paper, inke, and pen,
 Yet saue that labour: for I haue them heare,
 (What should I say) one of my husbands men
 Bid thou be ready by and by, to beare
 A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
 The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maid is gon and she prepares to write,
 First howering ore the paper with her quill,
 Concept and Griefe an eager combat fight,
 What Wit sets downe is blotted still with will,
 This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,
 Much like a prease of people at a dore
 Throng her inuentions which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthie Lord
 Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person: next, vouchsaf t' afford
 (If euer, Liue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come and visite me.
 So I commend me, from my house in griefe,
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brieft,

THE RAPE

Here folds she vp the tenure of her woe,
Her certaine sorrow writ vncertainely,
By this short Shedule COLATINE may know
Her griefe, but not her griefs true qualitie.
She dares not thereof make discouery,
Least he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,
Ere she with bloud had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her Passion,
She hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
Whē sighs & grones, & teares may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her
Frō that suspicion which the world might beare her,
To shun this blot, the would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better

To see sad sights moues more then heare them told,
For then the eye interprets to the eare
The heauie motion that it doth behold,
When euery part, a part of woe doth beare.
Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,
Deep sounds make lesser noise thē shallow foords
And sorrow ebs, being blowne with wind of words

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,
The Post attends, and she deliuers it,
Charging the slow-fac'd groome, to high as fast
As lagging fowles before the Northren blast.
Speed more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,
Extremities stil vrgeth such extremes.

The
And
Recei
And f
But th
Im
For

When
Of spi
Such
To tal
Prom
Eu
Pav

His ki
That
She sh
And b
Her e
Th
Th

But lo
And y
The v
For n
So wo
Th
Pav

The

OF LVCRECE.

The homely villaine curties to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
Receiues the scroul without or yea or no,
And forth with bashfull innocence doth hye,
But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,
Imagine euery eye beholds their blame,
For LVCRECE thought he blusht to see her shame

When silly Groome (God wot) it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacitie,
Such harmlesse creatures haue a true respect
To talke in deedes, while others saucily
Promise more speede, but do it leysurely.
Euen so this paterne of the worne-out age,
Pawn'd honest lookes, but layd no words to gage.

His kindled durie kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both there faces blazed,
She thought he blusht, as knowing TARQUINS lust
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed,
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the bloud his cheekes replenish
The more she thought he spied in her face blemish

But long she thinks till he returne againe,
And yet the duteous vassall scarce is gone,
The very time she cannot intertaine,
For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tyred mone,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pawfing for meanes to mourne some newer way.

THE RAPE

At last she calls to mind where hangs a peece
Of skilfull painting, made for P R I A M S Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For H E L E N S rape the cirie to destroy,
Threatning cloud-kissing I L I O N with annoy,
Which the conceived Painter drew so proud,
As heauen (it seem'd) to kisse the turrets bow'd,

A thousand lamentable objects there
In scorn of Nature, Arte gaue linelesse life,
Many a drie drop seem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the slaughtred husband by the wife.
The red blood reekt to shew the painters strife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
And from the towres of Troy there would appeare
The verie eyes of men through loope-holes thrust,
Gazing vpon the Greeks with little lust,
Such sweet obseruance in this worke was had,
That onemight see those farr off eyes looke sad.

In great commaunders, Grace and Maiestie
You might behold triumphing in their faces,
In youth quick bearing and dexteritie,
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
Which hartlesse peasants did so wel resemble,
That one wold sweare he saw the quake & tremble

In

OF LVCRECE.

In A I A X and V L Y S S E S, ô what Arte
Of Physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd eithers heart,
Their face, their maners most expressely told.
In A I A X eyes blunt rage and rigor told.
But the mild glance that the V L Y S S E S lent,
Shew'd deepe regard and smiling gouernment.

There pleading might you see graue N E S T O R stand
As't were encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,
In speech it seem'd his beard, all siluer white,
Wag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie
Thin winding breath, which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a prease of gaying faces,
Which seem'd to swallow vp his sound aduise.
All ioyntly listning, but with seuerall graces,
As if some Marmaid did their cares intise,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.
The scalpes of many almost hid behind,
To iumpe vp higher seem'd to nocke the mind.

Here one mans hand lean'd on anothers head.
His nose being shadowed by his neighbours eare,
Here one being throng'd bears backe all boln & red,
Another smother'd, seemes to pelt and sweare,
And in their rage such signes of rage they beare,
As but for losse of N E S T O R S golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords,

THERAPE

For much imaginarie worke was there,
 Concept deceitfull, so compact, so kind,
 That for ACHILLES image stood his speare
 Gripte in an armed hand, himselfe behind
 Was left vnseene, saue to the eye of mind:
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head.
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged Troy, (field,
 When there braue hope, bold HECTOR march'd to
 Stood many Troiane mothers sharing ioy,
 To see their youthfull sonnes bright weapons wield,
 And to their hope they such odde action yield,
 That through their light ioy seemed to appeare,
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heauie feare

And fro the strond of DARDAN where they fought,
 To SIMOIS reedy banks the red bloud ran,
 Whose waues to imitate the battell fought
 With sweelling ridges, and their ranks began,
 To breake vpon the galled shore, and than
 Retire againe, till meeting greater ranks
 They ioyne, & shoot their some at SIMOIS banks

To this well painted peece is LVCRECE come,
 To find a face where all distresse is steld,
 Many she sees, where cares haue carued some,
 But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,
 Till she dispairing HECUBA beheld,
 Staring on PRIANS wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies
 In

OF LVCRECE.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd
 Times ruine, Beauties wracke, & grim Cares raine,
 Her cheeks with chops and winckles were disguiz'd
 Of what she was, no semblance did remaine:
 Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euery vaine,
 Waiting the spring, that those shrunk pipes had fed
 Shew'd life imprison'd in a bodie dead.

On this sad shadow LVCRECE spends her eyes,
 And shapeth her sorow to the Beldames woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruell foes.
 The painter was no God to lend her those
 And therefore LVCRECE swears he did her wrong
 To giue her so much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore instrument (quoth she) without a sound,
 Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
 And drop sweete balme in PRIAMS painted wound,
 And raile on PIRRHVS that hath done him wrong
 And with my teares quench Troy that burnes so long
 And with my knife scratch out the angrie eyes
 Of all the Greeks, that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this sturre,
 That with my nayles her beautie I may teare:
 Thy heat of lust, fond PARRIS, did incurre
 This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare.
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here.
 And here in Troy for trespassse of thine eye,
 The Sire, the Son, the Dame and Daughter die

Why

THERAPE

Why should the priuare pleasure of some one
 Become the publike plague of many moe?
 Let sin alone committed, light alone
 Vpon his head that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guiltie woe.
 For ones offence why should so many fall?
 To plague a priuat sinne in generall.

Lo, here weeps HECUBA, here PRIAM dies,
 Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROILVS soun ds
 Here friend by friend in bloody channell lies:
 And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,
 And one mans lust theie many liues confounds:
 Had doting PRIAM checkt his sonnes desire.
 TROY had bin bright with Fame & not with fire

Here feelingly she weeps TROIES painted woes
 For sorrow, like a heaume hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his owne waight goes,
 Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell:
 So LVCRECE, set a worke, sad tales doth tell
 To penseld pensiu:nesse, & colour'd sorrow, (row.
 She sends them words, and she their looks doth ber

She throwes her eyes about the painted round,
 And who she findes forlorne she doth lament.
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous lookes to Phrygian shepherds lent,
 His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,
 Onward to TROY with the blunt swaines he goes
 So mild, that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.

OF LVCRECE.

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide conceipt, and giue the harmelesse show
 An humble gate, calme lookes, eyes wayling still,
 Abrow vnbeent, that seem'd to welcome wo,
 Cheekes, neither red, nor pale but mingled so,
 That blushing red, no guiltie instance gaue,
 Nor ashie pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Deuill,
 He intertain'd a show, so seeming iust,
 And therein so enconst this secret euill,
 That Iealousie it selfe could not mistrust,
 False creeping craft, and Periurie should thrust
 Into so bright a day, such blackfac'd stormes,
 Or blot with Hel-borne sin such Saint-like forme

The well skil'd workeman this mild Image drew
 For periur'd S I N O N, whose inchaunting storie
 The credulous old P R I A M after flew.
 Whose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie
 Of rich built I L I O N: that the skies was sorie,
 And little starres shot from their fixed places,
 Whē their glas fel, wherein they view'd their faces

This picture she aduisedly perus'd,
 And chid the Painter for his wonderous skill:
 Saying, some shape in S I N O N was abus'd,
 So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill,
 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
 Such signes of truth in his plaine face she spied,
 That she concludes, the picture was belied.

THE RAPE

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
 (Shee would haue said) can lurke in such a looke:
 But TARQVINS shape, came in her mind the while
 And from her tongue, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
 It cannot be, thee in that sence forooke,
 And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
 But such a face should beare a wicked minde,

For euen as subtile S I N O N here is painted,
 So sober sad, so wearie and so milde,
 (As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted.)
 To me came TARQVIN armed to beguile
 with outward honestie, but yet defilde
 With inward vice, as P R I A M him did cherish:
 So did I T A R Q V I N, so my Troy did perish.

Looke, looke, how listning P R I A M wets his eyes,
 To see those borrowed teares that S I N O N sheds,
 P R I A M why art thou old, and yet not wise?
 For euerie teare be fals a Trojan bleedes,
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceedes,
 Those round cleare pearls of his that moue thy pity
 Are balls of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citie.

Such Diuels steale effects from lightlesse hell,
 For S I N O N in his fire doth quake with cold,
 And in the cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
 These contraries such vnitie do hold,
 Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,
 So P R I A M s trust false S I N O N s teares doth flatter
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here

OF LVORECE.

Here all iurag'd such passion her assailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,
She teares the sencelesse S I N O N with her nailes,
Comparing him to that unhappie guest
Whose deepe hath made her selfe, her selfe detest,
At last she smilingly with this giues ore,
Foole foole, quoth she, his wounds wil not be fore.

Thus ebs and flower the currant of her sorrow,
And time doth wearie time with her complaining,
Shée Lookes for night, & then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaying.
Short time seemes long, in sorrowes sharp sustaining,
Though wo be heauie, yet it seldome sleepes,
And they that watch, see time, how slow it creeps,

Which all this time hath ouerslpt her thought
That she with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her owne grieffe brought,
By deepe surmise of others detriment,
Loosing her woes in shewes of discontent.
It easeth some though none it euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger comes backe,
Brings home his Lord and other company
Who finds his L V C R E C E clad in mourning blacke,
And round about her teares distained-eye
Blew circles stream d like Rain-bowes in the skie.
These watrigalls in her dim Elements,
Foretell new stormes to those already spent.

Which

THE RAPE

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares.

Her eyes though sod in teares look't red and raw,
Her liuely colour kill'd with deadly cares,
He hath no powre to aske her how she fares.

Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,
And thus begins: what vncouth ill euent
Hath thee betalne, that thou dost trembling stand,
Sweete loue, what spite hath thy faire colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?

Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauinesse,
And tell thy grieve, that we may giue redresse.

Three times with sighes shee giues her sortow fire,
Ere once shee can discharge one word of woe:
At length addrest to answer his desire,
Shee modestly prepares, to let them knowe
Her Honor is taine prisoner by the Foe,
While COLATINE and his consoorted Lords,
With sad attention long to heare her wordes.

And now this pale Swan in her watrie nest,
Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,
Few wordes (quoth shee) shall fit the trespassse best,
Where no excuse can giue the fault amending.
In mee moe woes then words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired tongue.

Then

Then
Deare
A stra
Wber
And w
By f
Fro

For in
With f
A cree
And fo
And in
On
If th

For for
Vnlesse
lle mu
And sw
The lo
The
My f

With th
And th
Sweari
I shoul
So shou
And
Th'a

Mine e
(And fa

OF LVCRECE.

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou was wont to rest thy wearie head,
And what wrong else may be imagined,
By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreafull dead of darke mid night,
With shining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cried, awake thou Roman Dame,
And intertaine my loue, else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my loues desire do contradict.

For some hard fauour'd groome of thine, quoth he,
Vnlesse thou yoake thy liking to my well,
He murder straight, and then he slaughter thee,
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill
The Leachers in their deed, this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetuall infamie:

With this I did begin to start and crie,
And then against my heart he sets his sword
Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,
I should not liue to speake another word.
So should my shame still rest vpon record.
And neuer be forgot in mightie Rome
Th'adulterat death of LVCRECE & her groome.

Mine enemy was strong, my poore selfe weake,
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)

THE RAPE

My bloudie Iudge forbad my tongue to speake,
No rightfull plea might plead for Iustice there,
His scarlet lust came euidence to sweare,
That my poore beaurie had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the Iudge is rob'd the prisoner dies

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,
Though my grosse bloud be staine'd with this abuse,
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclin'd
To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure
Doth in her poyson'd closet yet indure.

Lo heare the hopelesse Marchant of this losse,
With head inclin'd, and voyce dam'd vp with wo,
With sad set eyes and wretched armes acrosse,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that stops his answer so.

But wretched as he is he struiues, in vaine,
What he breaths out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
Outruns, the eye that doth behold his hast:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the straite that forst him on so fast:
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past,

Euens so his sighes, his sorrowes make a saw,
To push griefe on, and back the same griefe draw.

Which speechlesse woe of his poofe shee attendeth,
And his vntimely frenzie thus awaketh,
Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no floud by raining slaketh,

My

My wo
Mor
To d

And for
For the
Be soda
Thine,
From v
Com
"Fo

But ere
(Speaki
Shall p
With sw
For tis
To c
Knig

At this
Each p
As bou
Longin
But the
The
How

What i
Being
May m
My low
May an
The

OF LVCRECE.

My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling painfull, let it then suffice
To drowne one woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
For she that was thy LVCRECE, now attend me,
Be sodainly reuenged on my foe.

Thine, mine, his owne, suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the helpe that thou shalt lend me
Comes all to late, yet let the Traytor die.

“For sparing lustice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth she
(Speaking to those that came with COLATINE)

Shall plight your Honorable faiths to me,
With swift pursute to venge this wrong of mine,
For tis a meritorious faire designe,

To chase Iniustice with reuengeful armes, (harmes)

Knights by their oaths should right poore Ladies

At this request, with noble disposition,

Each present Lord began to promise aid,

As bound in knighthood to her imposition,

Longing to heare the hatefull foe bewraid,

But she that yet her sad taske hath not said,

The protestation stops, ô speake, quoth she,

How may this forced staine be wip't from me?

What is the qualitie of mine offence

Being constrain'd with dreadfull circumstance?

May my pure mind with the foule act dispence

My low declined honour to aduance?

May any termes acquit me from this chance?

The poysoned fountaine cleares it selfe againe

THE RAPE

And why not I from this compelled staine?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her bodies staine, the mind vntainted cleares,
While with a ioylesse smile, she turnes away
The face, that map with deepe impression beares
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with teares.

No no, quoth she, no Dame hereafter liuing,

By my excuse shall claime excuses giuing.

Here with a sighe, as if her heart would breake,
She throwes forth TARQUIN'S name: he he, she sayes
But more then he, her poore tongue could not speak.

Till after many accents and delayes,

Vntrinely breathings, sicke and short assayes,

She vters this he he, faire Lords, tis he

That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here she sheathed in her harmelesse breast
A harmefull knife, that thence her soule vnshathed,
That blow did bayle it from the deepe vnrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:

Her contrite sighes vnto the cloudes bequeathed,

Her winged sprite, & through her wounds doth fly

Lifes lasting date from cancel'd destinie.

Stone stil, astonisht with this deadly deed.

Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crue,

Till LVCRECE father that beholds her bleed.

Himselfe, on her self-slaughtered body threw,

And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS drew.

The murderous knife, and as it left the place,

Her bloud in poore reuenge, held it in chace.

And bubling from her breast, it doth deuide

In two
Circle
Who
Bare
Son
An
About
Of th
Whic
And
Corr
An
Bl
Daug
That
If in
Whe
Thos
If
W
Poor
In th
But
Shew
O fr
A
T
O ti
If th
Sha

OF LVCRECE.

In two flow riuers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on euery side,
Who like a late sack't lland vastly stood
Bare and vnpeopled in this fearfull flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd
And som look't black, & that false TARQVIN stain'd

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that blacke blood, a watric rigoll goes,
Which seemes to weepe vpon the tainted place;
And euer since as pitying LVCRECE woes,
Corrupted blood some watric token shewes,
And blood vntainted still doth red abide.
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,
If in the child the fathers image lies,
Where shall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?
Thou was not to this end from me deriued.

If children'prædecease progenitours'

We are their off-pring and they none of ours.

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold
In thy sweete semblance, my old age new borne,
But now that faire fresh mirrour dim and old,
Shewes me a barebon'd death by time out-worne,
O from my cheeks my image thou hast torne,
And shiuerd all the beautie from my glasse,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and hast no longer,
If thou surcease to be that should suruiue:
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,

THE RAPE

And leaue the foultring feeble soules a liue?
The old Bees die, the young possesse their hieue,
Then liue sweet L V C R E C E, liue againe and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts C O L A T I N E as from a dreame.
And bids L V C R E T I V S giue his sorrow place,
And then in Key-cold L V C R E C E bleeding streame
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space.

Till manly shame bid s him possesse his breath,
And liue to be reneged on her death.

The deepe vexation of his inward soule,
Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,
Who made that sorrow should his vse controll,
Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick comes in his poore harts aid
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet somerime T A R Q V I N was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth as if his name he tore:
This windie tempest till it blow vp raine,
Held backe his sorrowes tideto make it more.
At last it raines, and busie windes giue ore:

Then sonne and father weepe with equall strife,
Who should weepe most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
The father saies, she's mine, o mine she is
Replies her husband, do not take away
My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say

He

OF LVCRECE.

He weeps for her for shee was onely mine.
And onely must be wail'd by COLATINE,

O, quoth LVCRETIVS, I did giue that life
Which she to earely and to late hath spil'd.
Woe woe, quoth COLATINE, she was my wife,
I owed her, and tis mine that she hath kil'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamors fill
The disperst aire, who holding LVCRECE life,
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRYTUS who pluck't the knife frō LVCRECE side
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,
Burying in LVCRECE wound his follies show,
Hee with the Romans was esteemed so
As scellie ieering idiots are with kings,
For sportiue words, and vttring foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,
Wherein deepe pollicy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long hid wits aduisedly,
To checke the teares in COLATINVS eyes,
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth, he arise,
Let my vnfounded selfe suppold a foole,
Now set thy long experienc't wit to schoole,

Why COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds helpe wounds, or griefe helpe grieuous
Is it reueng to giue thy selfe a blow (deeds
For his fowle Act, by whome thy faire wife bleedeth?
Such childish humor from weake minds proceedes,
Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,
To slaie her selfe that should haue slaine her Foe.
Couragi-

THE RAPE

Couragious Romane do not steepe thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,,
But kneele with me and help to beare thy part,
To rouse our Roman Gods with inuocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
(Since Rome her selfe in the doth stand disgraced
By our strong Arms fro forth her faire streets chased

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so vniustly stained,
By beaueus faire sun that breeds the fat eart hystore
By all our countrie rites in Rome maintained,
And by chaste LVCRESIE soule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloody knife,
We will reuenge the death of this true wife

This said, he stroke his hand vpon his breast,
And list the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then ioyntly to the ground their knees they bow.
And that deepe vow which BRVTUS made before
He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworne to this aduised doome,
They did conclude to beare dead LVCRESIE thence
To shew the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish TARQUINS soule offence,
Which being done, with speedy diligence
The Romaines plaussibly did giue consent,
To TARQUINS euilllasting banishment.

FINIS.

